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The View From Pike's Peak

BERNARD S. RICE

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With
Kind remembrance &
"Mother Bender"
from
The Author.

"——the King of Day upriseth
In his glory from his chamber;"

(GOLD MEDAL PRIZE POEM.)

THE VIEW FROM PIKE'S PEAK

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

BERNARD L. RICE,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE.

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1898.
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Denver, Colo.

TO MY MOTHER.

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PREFACE.

Principally for my own enjoyment these verses have been written. However the poem which occupies the larger part of this thin volume was written at the solicitation of friends in the early summer of 1896. The shorter pieces culled from a collection of no great size are simply an effort at expressing in words the little gushes of feeling that well up to the surface at odd times and in a variety of circumstances. In handing the book to these friends who have given such kindly advice and encouragement I am making a venture, the outcome of which the future only can prove. Yet hope whispers me onward, thinking that perchance some one from the many may find a verse, a line between the covers wherein is contained a note of comfort, a ray of joy.

A word concerning the illustrations interspersed through the pages: They are taken for the most part from the photograhic collection of Mr. F. P. Stevens of Colorado Springs, and they are guaranteed to be genuine. Through them a clearer idea of the beauty and sublim-

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ity of this handiwork of nature may be gained. Yet at best a photograph as well as a poem is a very inadequate representation of the reality which charms the eye and exalts the soul. In combination it is hoped the camera and the pen, though not those of a master, may truthfully portray to the reader the thoughts stirred in the mind of the writer.

B. L. R.

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THE VIEW FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

Morning dawns upon the mountain;
Slow, the sullen brooding night-time
Skulks away before the footstep
Of the mellow-hearted morning.
From yon granite cleft, the rock squirrel
Rises up to greet his coming
With his call so shrill and peevish:
And the white-quail just awakened
From her nest all rock encircled
Trims her plumage to make ready
For the first glimpse of the daybeam
That shall glance across the prairie.

Dimly outlined in the distance
Stretch great plains and hills and valleys;
Hardly can the eye distinguish
'Twixt the paler blue of heaven

And the darker blue beneath it:
But look yonder o'er the prairie,
On beyond the waving grasses,
Where the earth and sky commingle.—
See! the blue is tinged with golden.
One by one, with noiseless footstep,
Fleet the shining hosts of heaven.
And beneath, the rolling prairie
Seems to heave its mighty bosom;
For the King of Day upriseth
In his glory from his chamber;
And the prairie's bosom trembles
'Neath the splendor of the Monarch.
Now unto his throne of jasper,
Form majestic, he ascendeth;
And his robes all decked with jewels,
Gems of ruby, gems of diamond,
Set the world ablaze resplendent;
From the foldings of his garments
Streams of gold and floods of silver
Spread abroad o'er sky and prairie;
And its breast no longer trembles
In the beauty of the morning.

From the distance comes the glitter
Of great cities in the sunshine;
Rivers' breasts reflect the radiance,
As they hurry on their journey
Toward the vast and distant ocean:
And the breeze of morn comes floating,
Gently floating o'er the prairie,
Sending ripples through the grasses.
And the flow'rets make obeisance
To some unseen elf of morning:—
Thus the fancy decks the prairie.

Now the morning sun ascending
Clothes in gold the distant summits
On the southward, fills with glory
Many a rock-bound, snow-bound fastness;
But the lowly vales beneath them,
Lying in the dark and shadow,
Only catch the light reflected
From the mountain's sunlit summit:—
So 'mong men, the light celestial
Seems on few to shed its blessing,
Seems to fill them with its radiance,

Till they are no more like mortals,
But as they were born of heaven;
While the many blindly striving
Only linger in the shadow,
Only catch reflected sunbeams
From the higher loftier spirits.
But, as though the veil were rifted
'Twixt the lowly and the lofty,
Now the sunshine fills the valleys,
Seen before but indistinctly,
'Mid the plain, a winding river
Makes its way past farm and hamlet,—
Silver thread, all interwoven
With the line of woods and meadows.
Near the stream a distant city
With its spires reflects the sunshine:
'Tis Pueblo, busy, bustling,
Ringing, roaring, Western Pittsburg.
Up from many a busy foundry,
From the glowing, glaring furnace,
Rolls thick smoke in inky columns:
Upward floats it, soon to mingle
With the flying mists of heaven.

And methinks I see the city
Thronging with a busy people,—
Myriad souls, with many a purpose,
Steadfast each his aim pursuing;—
Nay, not so; for there be many,
Wandering down life's solemn pathway,
Who have naught to stir them onward
Toward a noble, grand existance:—
Such do often mingle with them.

Scattered far within the valley,
Like oases in the desert,
Other cities greet the vision;
And they too are thronged, I fancy,
With the same unresting mortals.
Like to slowly moving serpents,
Far away, yet seen distinctly,
On from city unto city,
O'er the plains, move throbbing engines:
With long lines of smoke above them,
And their freighted trains behind them,—
Messengers that swiftly carry
Hearts that yearn for friends far distant,

Hearts that hope for all before them,
Bearing news that renders lighter
Foreheads that are bowed with waiting.

To the westward, all is mountains,
Vast and high, of boundless measure,
Heights ne'er trod by human footstep,
Where the snow the wild sheep tramples,
And the mountains' hoary temples
Seem to tell of baffled tempests
That have raged for countless ages
Round their mighty, stone-clad bosoms,
Seem to tell of their beginning
And of all the years that followed:
How the transient race of mortals
Seeing wondered at their grandeur,
When they first, in awe, beheld them,
And their souls were turned toward heaven,
Where the mountains hold communion
With their God, alone, in silence;
How they, from their lofty station
Looking downward, saw the progress
Made by tribes and clans and nations,

"To the westward, all is mountains,
Vast and high, of boundless measure,"

Just above the Sacred Mountain.

Watched the rise and fall of kingdoms,
Till at length, a fairer people
Came to dwell beneath their shelter,
And they too were lifted higher,
Nearer to the great Creator.
Just above the Western Mountains
Floats a cloud of fleecy vapor,
Whiter than the snow beneath it,
Onward toward the east; now resting
In some lone, sequestered valley,
Now ascending, now descending,
On across the rugged Rockies,
Growing larger as it nears us,
Like a flock of frightened lambkins.
That were playing in the sunshine,
And are fleeting o'er the meadows
From some unexpected comer.

Now the dancing vapors linger
Just above the Sacred Mountain,
Where the Holy Cross lies printed
In its massive, rocky bosom.
See, with folded hands they hover

O'er the spot, in adoration,
And seem loath to wander farther
Through the mountains' endless pathways.

High into the scanty ether
Sangre de Christo lifts his summits;
Cloaked in snow, with forest girded,
As to shield them from the rigors
Of some piercing, Artic blizzard.
Soon above his crests uplifted,
Roll the clouds in foamy masses,
Slowly, slowly gath'ring round them,
Till they shut out all from vision,
All the western host of mountains.

Not alone upon the mountains
Do the mists their curtains lower,
For their creeping, crawling masses
Have o'erspread the lowly valleys.
On they float; and now they gather
Round old Pike's far-reaching footstool,
Slowly climbing onward, upward.
One by one the folds o'ershadow

"Nestled down within a valley,
Lies a busy, youthful city."

Verdant hillocks, that were mountains
Were they not within the presence
Of the monarch of the mountains.
Low they bow; and rock-ribbed canons
Echo back the praises sounded
By the suppliant to the master.

Nestled down within a valley,
Walled by mountains gray and olden,—
As some dwelling built of brambles,
Where the fledgling of the eagle
Rests beneath the jutting cliffside,—
Lies a busy, youthful city.
And the mountains round about her
Are her vaults and treasure-houses.
Firmly lodged in deep concealment,—
Where at first the Maker placed it,—
Lie her treasures, gold and silver:
Treasures that in by-gone ages
Might have dazed a stately Roman,
Or have caused a thirsting Spaniard,
Wild at heart, to cross an ocean.
Down the slopes are lines of golden,

Blue and gray, that mark the places
Where are found the open doorways
Of these mighty treasure houses.
Swiftly to and from the city,
O'er their courses iron-sheeted,
Speed the trains, with treasure loaded
And with eager, happy people;
For the city that was conquered
By the flames and swept to earthward,
Rose majestic from the ashes,
With her boundries more extended.
So may we, though oft we stumble,
Falter not nor be discouraged,
But mount upward on the ruins
Of ourselves, and in the rising
Enter life more noble beings.

Now the mists beneath the mountain
Pitch their snow-white tents around it,
Clap their hands that they have captured
Such a monster of the prairie;
And the mountain lies encircled
In a surging sea of vapor:

"Fairest city of a nation
his Colcraco hamle ."

"Set apart for Learning's temple."

And the sunlight seems more brilliant
Shining on the foamy whiteness.
Just below us, on the eastward,
Where the mountain's feet, entangled,
Lie enthralled by merry captors,
Rests a city in the sunshine;
Like a checker-board extended,
And the players are the foot-hills
And the dancing, snowy vapors;
Like a garden filled with blossoms,
That are laid in squares and patches,
With the walks and drives between them.
Fairest city of a nation
Is this Colorado hamlet.
Low it lies, where mountain breezes
Gently waft the incense downward
From the roses in the woodland,
And becomes a place of refuge
For frail mortals that must suffer.
Through the portals of a building
Set apart for Learning's temple,
Moves, with youthful step and lightly,
Day by day the busy student.

Ah, not all is binding labor,
For the heart celestial kindled
Throbs with joy of well-done duty,
Bounds and leaps with youthful fervor
At the victor's triumph sounded.
So he lives, as from his fingers
Fleet the winged days like phantoms,
Ever striving, upward mounting,—
Dauntless heart and firm endeavor—
Toward the glory crowned summit
That is called the Hill of Knowledge.
Here and there a spire uplifted
Over cot and over mansion
Tell of where the people gather,
Voicing praise unto their Maker;
Pointing upward, ever upward,
Showing them the way to heaven.

Farther up a group of pillars
Worn and old stand grimly waiting;
Solemly they gaze around them,
Waiting for some vanished being,
Some long-perished, past adorer.

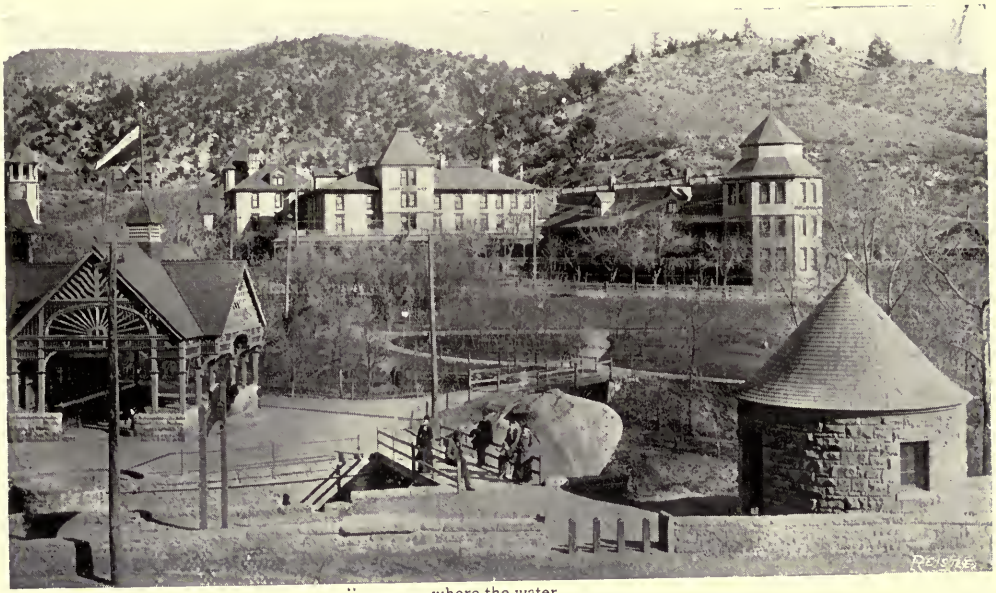
"————a group of pillars
Worn and old————;"

Low to bow him down in worship.
Though their temple oft is entered,
Through its massive, rock-bound gateway,
By the curious race of mortals,
Still they stand unmoved, unaltered;
And the race that once adored them
Never murmers, never answers.
'Tis the place where busy Nature,
In her never ending labor
Shaping mountains and great rivers,
Stretching plains and carving valleys,
Has with master-finger, moulded
Monuments unto her glory.
Red and white, the massive sandstones,
Has she chiseled; grim and lofty
Has she raised them up toward heaven.

Manitou lies just above them,
Nearer to the "Grand Old Mountain;"
And its avenues and driveways,
Lines of white amid the verdure,
Are like footpaths in a garden.
And the aged cliffs about it

Are its walls moss-grown and crumbling.
There beneath the trees, in shadow,
Through the pleasant summer evenings,
Weary minds and tired bodies
Rest, and watch the sun descending
To its couch behind the mountain,
Rest until the darkness gathers.
Built on either side the city,
Just below and just above it.
Are two structures, where the water,
With its soft and roguish laughter,
Gurgles forth from Earth's great bosom,
Whispering secrets of its birthplace
To the parched throats that quaff it.
Far below in crystal chambers,
'Mid the corridors all golden,
Palaces whose light is darkness,
Is the birthplace of the waters,
Of the sparkling, healing waters.

Soon the cities in the sunshine,
That so long the gaze enchanted,
Fade like phantoms from the vision;



"———, where the water,
Gurgles forth from Earth's great bosom,"

"There a cataract goes leaping,
Plunging o'er the rocky ledges."

For the mists are mounting upward,
And beneath them lie the cities.
On they climb; and slyly creeping,
Toward the mountain ever nearer,
Now they slip into a canon.
There a cataract goes leaping,
Plunging o'er the rocky ledges,
Madly onward toward the ocean;
And a quiet lake lies sleeping
Just beyond it on the prairie,
Where the mists are creeping over,—
Though it moves not, still contented
Low to lie and sparkle only.
Many are there who rush madly,
Like a leaping river, onward.
Ne'er content and never waiting,
Till they reach their high ambition,
Which is ever on before them.
Like a lake, whose placid bosom
Lies in silence and in shadow,
Rippling forth its scarce-heard music,
Others live in calm contentment,
Cheering onward fellow spirits;

As the lake and rushing river
Each on earth is given a mission,
Each a hero, and each mission
Is as lofty as the other.

Cheyenne Mountain, clothed in beauty,
Lifts her form above the vapors;
Clad in green, with lighter patches
'Mid the darker, and a girdle
Red and white is wrapped about her;
And the green upon her garments
Is the waving woods and grasses,
And her girdle is the sandstone,
Red and white, in masses round her.

Once 'mid Colorado's mountains,
Where the Redman pitched his wigwam,
Where are found the poor and lowly,
Cheering all with deeds of mercy,
Making throb e'en savage bosoms,
Lived a Colorado poet.
Queen was she; the Redman loved her,
For she loved his native mountains.

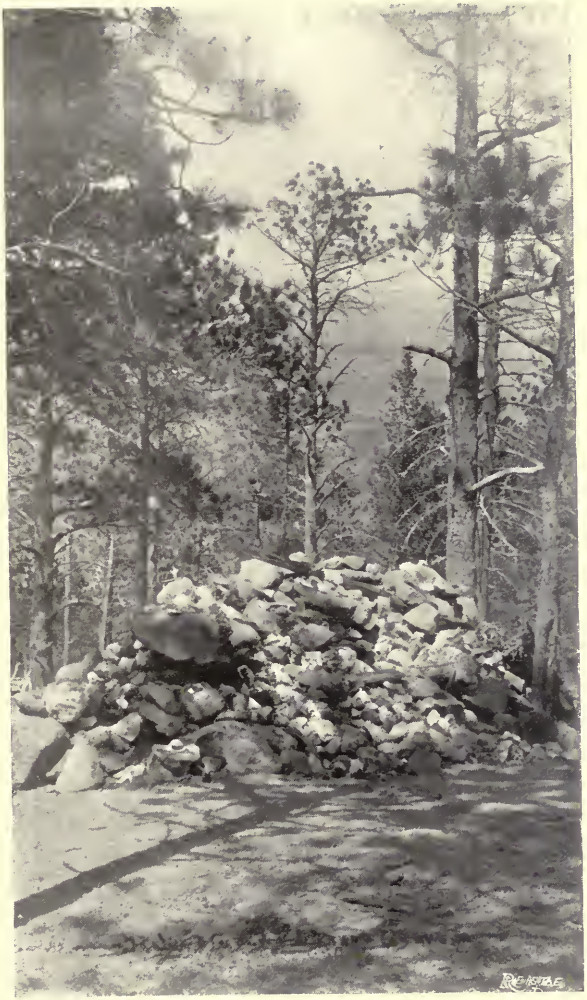
"Cheyenne Mountain, clothed in beauty
Lifts her form above the vapors;"

With their forests and their meadows,
And she loved the Indian also,
Lived to aid him, point him upward.
She it was who told the story
Of the Indian maid Ramona,
Of true-hearted Alessandro,
In its accents wild, pathetic.
Well she loved her little homestead
In the Beautiest of Cities,
Well she loved its lanes and highways
'Neath the great trees' quiet shadow.
Better yet she loved the woodland,
Where the gentle waters murmur,
Where within its leafy bowers
Sings the wild bird to the blossoms,
Where the throbbing heart of nature
Beats accord with human bosoms,
And within the sacred portals
God and man commune together,
Heart with richest pleasure welling
Oft she lingered on the mountain;
In its solitudes and forests,
Lonely, she conversed with Nature;

For she understood the language
Of the brook and of the pine-trees.
Somewhere on its lonely bosom
Lies a grave, where friends in sorrow
Linger oft, and cast upon it
Some bright stone in fond remembrance.

Higher now the clouds are lifted
Where Mount Baldy's barren forehead
Basks in sunshine. Grimly stands he
Ever loathing to look upward
Toward Old Pike's superior summit.
And disdaining to look downward
To the lowly mounds beneath him;
For his gray old head is jealous
That he cannot lift it higher,
To a station more exalted
In the clearer airs of heaven.

Far below is naught but vapor;
And the mountain, that for ages
Has stood firm and never shaken,
Shrinks before a sullen ocean;



"Somewhere on its lonely bosom
Lies a grave,— ——"

"A lone Island in an ocean
Boundless as the great Pacific!"

And with all its up-heaved masses,
Stone on stone, it seems to falter,
And sink downward, slowly downward
As a monster ship that's broken
In a vast and hungry ocean.
Lone I stand; and round about me
There is nothing, save the sunshine
And the sky; for all beneath it,
Where were once the scenes familiar
That are wont to greet the vision,
Restless rolls the surging vapor.
A lone island in an ocean
Boundless as the great Pacific!
Billows whiter than the snowflakes
Stretch far outward in the distance
Till they meet the dim horizon.
Hark! Below the ocean's surface—
Warning of some pending evil!
Mutterings low, deep sounding voices,
Like a multitude of cannon
Far away, o'er-awe the spirit.
While above is naught but sunshine,
From beneath there comes the bellow

Of the thunder in the valley.
There the storm in fury rages
And the lightnings play with thunder.

Now behold the mists have vanished;
Far and wide a richer glory
Shineth forth from hill and valley.
Robed in sunshine rests the prairie,
And above a deeper azure
Than e'er decked Italian heavens
Fills the sky:—a fairy flaxfield,
Bluer than on earth may blossom.
Through the air a freshness wanders,
And new life seems born within it.
Now again the mountain's summit
Stands aloft, 'bove all the landscape,
And the rock-squirrel in the hollow
Pipes again his cheery greeting.

Wider grows the panorama.
Far away across the prairie
On the north a line of mountains
Raise their heads above the level.

"Beauteous Queen of Western Cities."

As the sky that rests upon them,
Blue they seem; for human vision
Is too feeble to distinguish
One bright hue from all the others;
And they too seem purer, clearer,
Since the storm has passed above them.
Lines of smoke float o'er the prairie,
Where the throbbing locomotives
Hurry on their busy errands.
Nearer to the distant mountains,
Whither point the creeping engines,
Lie beneath a smoky curtain
All the mighty architecture,
Streets and highways wide extended,
Beauteous Queen of Western Cities.
Queen indeed! For she doth foster
All the arts that lift men higher.
In her walls the busy tradesman
Plies his task with firm endeavor;
Toiling workmen, often weary,
Day on day in shop and factory
Earn their bread; fair learning lingers,
With her wealth, in palace golden,

Dealing forth her priceless treasures,
Lifting up the minds of mortals;
And beneath the lofty turrets,
Raising high their pointing fingers,
Souls of men are taught and nourished,
Taught to love their fellow-beings,
And 'bove all to love the Maker
Of their mountains and their prairies.
Although dimly seen and distant,
Still my fancy sees the city,
Clear as if I were beside her,
With her marts and lofty buildings,
With her ringing shops and railways,
And the many souls that throng them;
And from mansion and from cottage,
From the street and from the foundry,
Upward like a cloud of incense,
Like the smoke above the city,
Rise the thoughts of men. I fancy
They ascend high into Heaven
To be judged of the Almighty.
Myriad thoughts of love and hatred,
Thoughts of good and thoughts of evil;

From glad hearts that bound with pleasure,
And from hearts which gnawing anguish
Has enthralled and bent to earthward;
Noble thoughts of souls whose purpose
Is no lower than the heavens,
And of other souls that grovel
In the dust that lies beneath them;
Beauteous thoughts, that in the future
Shall make glad the hearts of many,
Mighty thoughts, that swiftly flying
Shall go forth to move a Nation;—
All in one unmeasured column
Roll they to the Pearly Portals,
To the very gates of Heaven,
From the Queen of Western Cities.

Darkness closes o'er the landscape.
As a rose that fades in summer,
As a thought that's lost forever,
So the day fades from my vision.
From the glowing western heavens,
Whence the sun in glory vanished,
Fades the red and blue and golden;

From each lofty mount and city.
From the boundless, endless prairie,
From each cataract and canon,
And each lake and rushing river,
Fades the day; and o'er the heavens,
Sparkling, twinkling, glow the diamonds,
That adorn the Home of Angels.
Now the mountains in the darkness,
Rise like spectors grim and ghastly,
And below, the black abysses
That go downward, never ending,
Make the soul in awe to shudder;
But as when a mortal spirit
Knoweth naught but night and sorrow,
Struggles on and sees no future,
When that life in gloom is darkest.
Light of dawning hope breaks on it;
So from out the darkened valleys,
Where the cities lie in slumber,
Comes the glimmer of the street-lamps.

Now, adieu! Ye sparkling cities;
Mountains vast, adieu! Ye prairies

That stretch outward in the darkness,
Till ye meet some lonely river,
Or some mountain in the distance;—
All adieu! A mind bewildered
Says: "Farewell, farewell, forever!"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LAKE.

The lake at evening lies asleep
Beneath the mountain's rugged steep,
Reflecting its golden, sun-lit brow,
For all is peace and quiet now;
All,—save the night-lark's evening hymn
And the ripples on the water's brim,
Where speckled trout in sporting rise,
To catch the glistening water-flies.

I gaze on thee as did of yore
The Redman on thy beauteous shore,
Who swiftly in his light canoe
Had crossed thy placid sheet of blue,
And with his spoil slow plodded home
From haunts where wild deer love to roam,

Where squirrels climb the tall spruce-trees
And blue-bells nod to the evening breeze.

The sun is set. On comes the night,
As silently as dew-drops bright,
When summer's day is near its close,
Collect upon the blushing rose.
Above the gray old mountain peaks
The silver moon all trembling seeks
The azure sky, and in its light
The dark, cold crags are gleaming bright.
Across the bosom of the lake.
In quivering silence, moon-beams break,
And there within its liquid breast
I see the glorious mountain's crest,
And there,—the rising moon's broad face
Amid the splashing trout, I trace.

Sweet, placid waters! By thy side,
Men have lived and loved and died,
But thou, through rolling ages past,
Hast lived and shalt forever last.

AN AWAKENED REMEMBRANCE.

O, hear the distant cowbells ring!
How on the air of night they fling
Their mellow notes so sweet and clear!
Unto my soul they seem to bring
The melodies they used to sing
Into my childhood's listening ear.

Their music is as sweet as then;
When over hill and quiet glen
My tired feet had wandered long,
And, as the evening sun sank low,
Faint from the shadowed vale below
Came floating out that welcome song.

Then homeward bound, o'er waving green,
Past many a sweet-breathed flower unseen,
With lazy tread on marched the cows;

And then rose many a simple rhyme,
For the old cowbells were keeping time
To the music of the dark pine boughs.

Long after the departing sun
Had sunk to rest and day was done,
When lights were out and all was still,
Then sweetly to my dreamy ear
The bells came tinkling soft and clear,
And lulled to dreamland 'gainst my will.

MY LADY MARAPOSA.

My Lady,—she's a bonny lass,
  Sweet my Lady Maraposa!
There's naught her beauty can surpass;—
  Sweet my Lady Maraposa!

My Lady hath a nut-brown eye,
  An eye with purest love o'erflowing:
'Twas through its crafty magic I
  Lost all my heart, myself bestowing.

Her blossom cheek,—'tis lovlier far
  Than any famed in olden story.
Oh, naught shall e'er its beauty mar,
  Its dimpling smile, its quiet glory!

My Lady's bower? Thrice blest abode!
  The palace wild of joy-crowned Nature;

The prairie wide, the boundless wood:
  Her friends? Ah, many a happy creature.

The tall, lithe grasses nod their crests
  And beck and smile and court'sy to her.
The sombre pines with heaving breasts
  And many a sigh attempt to woo her.

But no; she thrusts them back in scorn,
  'Tis so; for once she told me of it,
Just at the rosy blush of morn
  When the earth was fair as the sky above it.

And many a secret pure and sweet
  She told me on that lovely morning,
Of the elfen mosses at her feet,
  Of the great white clouds the sky adorning.

Oh, what winning graces thine!
  Sweet my Lady Maraposa;—
These are thine and thou art mine,
  Mine is Lady Maraposa!

A FADED BLOSSOM.

At last she fadeth from our sight
  As doth a happy dream
That slips away into the night,
  When it doth brightest seem;

For He, who once on earth did dwell
  And did the children bless,
Hath known each childish fancy well,
  Each childish happiness.

And so He beckoned her above,
  Unto his loving breast.
And in His mighty arms of love
  Her spirit is at rest.

Full joyously she bade adieu
  To all her merry play,

In garments of a lovlier hue
To dwell with Him alway;

To rove within the Portals Grand
And pluck the blossoms there,—
Her hand within the Master's hand,
Her spirit in His care.

And why should we, her friends below,
With faltering voice and sad,
E'er murmer that He willed it so
And that her soul is glad?

Yet we cannot but miss her smile,
Her simple childish glee;—
And so must mourn each flower the while,
The brook, the dusty bee

Tall columbines upon the hills
Bend low their purple heads,
And violets by silent rills
Weep in their mossy beds.

Bright daisy eyes are bathed in dew,
And drooping flax-eyes weep;
Because two gems of brighter blue
Are closed for aye in sleep.

The robin's voice has ceased to sing
Sweet melodies at dawn,
At eve the night-lark folds her wing
And whispers,—"She has gone."

Farewell, sweet child! Farewell to thee!
Art gone forevermore?
Ah, no! Thy face again we'll see,
Just on the other shore.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

Silent friends are the books we read;
Yet they speak with note sublime,
Oft in the august voice of prose,
Oft in the sweeter tones of rhyme:

Silent;—yet as the firm set brow
Tells where God-like passions roll,
As the quivering lips and the sparkling eye
Speak forth the music of the soul

They are wizards gray with bosoms of love,
And they chant to the notes of the tremulous lyre,
Or they spin their tales in a dreamy mood
By the flickering light of the evening fire.

They tell us strange legends and stories old
Of the far-off days of the long-ago,

And we're sitting beside the tavern gray
While the village clock strikes long and slow.
And often they tell us a merrier tale
Of revels and glittering banquet halls,
Bright glimpses we catch of faces gay
And a mirthful laugh to the pleasure calls.

Grey seers of eld, from the distant past,
In measured tones their lore unfold;
All hushed we hearken, and lo—we hear
Their voices down the ages rolled.

Long years have flown, and the present grand
Is pictured aglow in printed hues;
On the spark electric, on conquered power,
Appalled by their grandeur we ponder and muse.

And the living books tell of living men
That speak with words of living fire;
Their aims,—how noble! Their deeds,—how grand!
High Heaven's pulsations their bosoms inspire.

Though often far distant from Nature's haunts
Her heart-soothing accents in fancy we hear
In the mellow voice of our time-worn friends,
Or her wilder echoes burst forth on the ear.

O, hark! 'Tis the carol of summer bird
O'er-topping the song of the somber pines:
How sweet here to linger and dream for aye
By the herb-fringed brook where the warm sun
shines!

There's a world of wealth in the printed page,
There are hoarded treasures, rich thoughts of
gold,
There are diamonds of wisdom from every age,
The well-gathered wages of labor untold.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

The warm south-west caresses soft my cheek
And faintly murmurs o'er the campus gray,
Rose-tinted clouds grow paler in the west,
The great trees wave, farewell, unto the day.

As twilight gathers round, the lights of eve
Beam forth from each low cot and farm-house
brown,
The watch-dog's plaintive bark re-echoes far,
A rattling wagon, from the neighboring town,

Rolls empty down the long and dusty road,
And, as the distant rumbling dies away,
In childish tones come snatches of a song,
Oft interrupted by the shout of play.

And now the voice grows clear and others join,
The play is hushed, and lightly borne along

Upon the bosom of the wind there comes
A fragment of the "Swanee River" song.

That song,— it brings the mem'ries that my soul
Doth cherish most: the mountain home, where wild
Among the rocks the singing pine tree grew
And hummed to me that old song when a child.

I love the twilight gray, the wind, the song;
And must I leave it now? Oh, Must I go?
I fain would linger here and listen long
And dream for aye of joys I used to know.

But no! To dull, relentless care a prey
And bound to bend o'er books with aching brain,
It is not mine such fancies to indulge,
Such thoughts must strive for liberty in vain.

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